Condemnes you to the death: see them d[illegible] over
To execution, and the hand of death.
Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Gree. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our soules,
And plague injustice with the paines of hell.
Bul. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:
Vncle, you say the Queene is at your House,
For Heavens sake, fairely let her be intreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliver'd,
Yor. A Gentleman of mine, I have dispatch'd
VVith Letters of your loue to her at large.
Bul. Thankes gentle Vncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Gendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday. *Exunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Drums, Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.
Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy
To stand upon my Kingdome once againe.
Deare Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooses:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting,
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee the Earth,
And doe thee favour with my Royall hands,
Feed not thy Soveraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his ravenous sence:
But

But let thy Spiders that sucke up thy venome,
And heavy-gated Toade lye in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,
Which with usurping steps doe trample thee.
Yeild stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy bosome plucke a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death upon thy Soveraignes Enemies.
Mocke not my senceless Conjuration: Lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones
Prove armed Souldiers, ere her native King
Shall falter under fowle Rebellious Armes.
Car. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all.
Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through their security,
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.
Rich. Discomfortable Cosin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid
Behinde the Globe, that lights the lower world,
Then theeves and Robbers raunge abroad unseene,
In Murders and in out-rage bloody here:
But when from under this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guilty hole,
Then Murders, Treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backes)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this Thiefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
Shall see us rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day;
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose

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